1568/919

LLANGUNNOR HILL:

A

LOCO-DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

WITH NOTES.

" Happy the man, who to theſe ſhades retires,
" Whom nature charms, and whom the muſe inſpires;
" Whom humble joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
" Succeſſive ſtudy, induſtry, and eaſe.
" Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
" Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
" Bear me, oh bear me, to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
" The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
" To TOWY's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
" And to the Muſes on LLANGUNNOR HILL."

Altered from POPE's WINDSOR FOREST.

CARMARTHEN,

PRINTED AND SOLD FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. DANIEL.

SOLD ALSO

BY MESSRS. B. AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET, LONDON; MR. BROWNE, BRISTOL; MR. J. J. HOUGH, GLOCESTER; MR. POTTER, HAVERFORDWEST; MR. WILMOT, PEMBROKE; AND MR. OWEN, SWANSEA.

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LLANGUNNOR HILL:

A

LOCO-DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

WITH NOTES.

HUMBLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE.

CONTINUI MONTES NI DISSOCIENTUR OPACA
VALLE: SED UT VENIENS DEXTRUM LATUS ASPICIAT SOL,
LÆVUM DISCEDENS CURRU FUGIENTE VAPORET.
TEMPERIEM LAUDES. HOR.

IMITATION.

Form in your own expanded mind,
A mighty chain of hills combin'd,
Between a ſhady valley fair:
The right, receives Sol's riſing beams,
The left, his ev'ning's ardent gleams,
Whilſt pure and temp'rate is the air.

CARMARTHEN,
PRINTED AND SOLD FOR THE AUTHOR BY J. DANIEL.

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PREFACE.

IF an experienced author, who has publiſhed a new performance, even on an ordinary ſubject, feels himſelf deeply impreſſed with awe, when he ſubmits his production to the judgment of the public; what muſt be the ſenſations of the unpractiſed writer of the following ſheets, who has preſumed to venture on a leſs beaten track, and to ſubmit the fruits of his induſtry to the ſcrutinizing eye of ſo reſpectable a body? The feelings of that writer may be better conceived, than deſcribed: but conſcious of having exerted his beſt abilities, ſlender as they are, in the execution of the taſk thus voluntarily undertaken, (however imperfectly that taſk may appear to be diſcharged;) he ſubmits, with reſpectful deference, not only to his judges, but to ſuch ſentence as they ſhall find it neceſſary to pronounce on the preſent occaſion. He has, in truth, ſome reaſon to hope, that, on account of his inexperience as an author, and the conſiderable number of local objects which the work now preſented profeſſes to delineate, independent of ſuch

other ſubjects and reflections as are occaſionally introduced, a liberal allowance will be made for thoſe imperfections which ſuperior abilities may detect, and from which human productions are rarely, if ever, exempt. CANDOR will, doubtleſs, be ready to acknowledge that it is infinitely more eaſy for a limner to excel in painting a ſingle portrait, than in preſerving and deſcribing the exact lineaments of various faces thrown together upon canvaſs, in one connected view. CANDOR will

" Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
" Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
" Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
" Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be."

POPE's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

In the compoſition of a deſcriptive poem, proper regard ſeems neceſſary to be had to one eſſential requiſite, technically called CUSTOM, for the purpoſe of preſerving perſpicuity, and general good ſenſe. Deſtitute of that advantage, unlimited fancy would often furniſh entertainment for the eyes, rather than the mind. It would extend at once into different parts of nature, and of life, and gather an aſſemblage of ideas, from which it would be difficult to ſelect the moſt ſtriking. But duly reſtrained, the

the poet's efforts, like the mariner's compaſs, would ultimately fix on ſome deciſive point. The poet, therefore, whoſe aim is to deſcribe both nature and art, muſt ſeek his ornaments from their ſources, as intimately interwoven with the ſcene he endeavors to paint; and graces will thence ariſe, (if he poſſeſſes taſte to cull them with judgment) not only ſuitable to, but amply ſufficient for, his primary deſign.

The opinions of many learned men on the ſubject of deſcriptive poetry, and its occaſional embelliſhments, having differed conſiderably when their abilities were exerciſed in examining the productions of authors of the firſt literary eminence, preſented a difficulty of choice in regard to the plan and execution of the ſubſequent undertaking. It has been the object of the writer to profit by the ſentiments of profeſſed critics, given on works ſimilar to his own, and by avoiding either extreme, to purſue, as far as his judgment enabled him, an intermediate courſe. How far he has ſucceeded in that endeavor, is humbly ſubmitted to the deciſion of a generous public,

By their devoted ſervant,

SEPTEMBER 5, 1794.

THE AUTHOR.

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LLANGUNNOR

LLANGUNNOR HILL:

A LOCO-DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

WHEN Dyer, fraught with heav'nly fire,
On Grongar touch'd his charming lyre,
With wonder gaz'd the liſt'ning ſwains,
Surpriz'd to hear his tender ſtrains,
And fix'd and wedded to the ſpot,
Their ruſtic labors quite forgot!
Struck with the ſweetneſs of his lays,
My muſe this grateful tribute pays,
Ere ſhe begins, with feeble ſkill,
To celebrate Llangunnor Hill.

Ver. 1, 2.] Grongar is a hill ſituated in the pariſh of Llangathen, in Carmarthenſhire, that commands a delightful view of the charming vale of Towy, and which hill is the ſubject of a beautiful poem, written by Mr. Dyer, and publiſhed in his works.

Ver. 10.] Llangunnor Hill is in Llangunnor pariſh, in the above county, and within a mile of its principal town, Carmarthen. In juſtification of the author's prejudice in favor of this hill, and the proſpects it commands, thoſe who have not been upon the ſpot, may refer to the Epiſtolary Correſpondence of Sir Richard Steele, vol. 1. p. 244.

Llangunnor! near whoſe verdant ſide,
Thy waters, Towy! ſmoothly glide,
Winding along the vale below,
With pace, majeſtically ſlow.
Save when tremendous thunders roll,
(Terrific to the guilty ſoul!)
And ſtreams of vivid lightning fly,
Illuminating earth and ſky,
And, in ſucceſſion, rain, in rills,
Rolls down in torrents from the hills;
Then floods unite their mighty force,
With ſpeed to urge thee in thy courſe,

Ver. 12.] The river Towy, takes its riſe in Cardiganſhire, and running from north to ſouth, in various ſerpentine directions, extremely grateful to the eye, paſſes by the towns of Llandovery and Llandilo-fawr; thence by Dinevor Caſtle, (the royal ſeat of the princes of South Wales whilſt they flouriſhed, and which is now the property of the Right Honorable George Talbot Rice, Baron Dinevor) ſituated on the top of a lofty eminence, ſurrounded by beautiful woods, and lands laid out with exquiſite taſte, which, with an elegant modern manſion-houſe, form together a moſt pleaſing aſſemblage of delightful objects; thence near Golden Grove; (the ſeat of John Vaughan Eſq. Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Carmarthen) thence, by the Biſhop's palace near Abergwilly, and the foot of Llangunnor Hill, on to the town of Carmarthen; thence near Rhydgorſe; Pibor, (the ſeat of Rich le Davids, Eſq.) Towy Caſtle, (the property and reſidence of the Rev. Mr. William Evans) and afterwards by Llanſtephan caſtle, until it empties itſelf into the ſea, a few miles below the ancient borough of Kidwelly. In this long courſe the Towy, originally ſmall, receives into its channel various rivers and ſmall ſtreams, rendering it, in conſequence of ſuch acceſſions, navigable from Carmarthen quay to the ſea, for veſſels of 200 tons burden.

And

And mount thee o'er thy common bounds,
'Till delug'd are the lowland grounds!
Of threat'ning danger ſoon aware,
The farmer acts with cautious care,
And from the valley drives away
His cattle, ſheep, and corn, and hay,
Left in a ſad, unguarded hour,
The waters ſhould the whole devour.
Such well-tim'd prudence brings its gain,
And oft prevents a life of pain!

With penſive contemplation fir'd,
And love for gloomy ſhades inſpir'd,
Thoughtful I bend my lonely way,
And to Llangunnor's church-yard ſtray;
Where rows of lofty aſh are ſeen,
And ſolemn yew trees, ever green!
Where o'er the graves ſome ſtones appear,
Which tell whoſe bodies moulder there;
Whilſt other marbles, long ſince plac'd!
Are by the hand of time defac'd.
Where double graves appear, and ſhew
Mothers and infants buried low;

Ver. 36.] In this church-yard is a ſtone over the grave of Dorothy, the wife of Griffith John, who died on the 30th of Auguſt 1759, at the advanced age of 102, a remarkable inſtance of longevity in modern times.

Ver. 43.] The double graves here ſpoken of, require explanation. Upon the top of the mother's, the ſhape of a ſmall grave, reſembling

The firſt, in child-bed, borne away,
The laſt, too weak behind to ſtay:
For young and old muſt, ſoon or late,
Abandon life's deluſive ſtate,
And rich, and poor, and low, and high,
Muſt here, together blended, lie!
Equality, like this, is juſt,
For all muſt crumble into duſt!

But think not that my peaceful muſe,
With pl aſure, doctrines ever views,
Such as in blood-ſtain'd France abound,
Which all diſtinctions would confound,
And to an equal level bring
The humble peaſant and the king;
Which would the rich man's wealth divide,
As rapine's horrid force ſhould guide
Tumultuous mobs; whoſe mighty will
Is there the rule of action ſtill.

an infant's, is formed by ſtones neatly placed there, and which are always kept white, being occaſionally waſhed with lime water. They ſhew a reſpectful attention paid to the memory of the deceaſed by their ſurviving relatives. However, it is much to be lamented, that this attention is often fruſtrated by the unfeeling practice, too common in Wales, of turning horſes and hogs into the cemetery, to depaſture the graſs, when they unavoidably trample on the graves of the ſilent dead. This cuſtom, in the emphatic language of our moſt celebrated bard, "would be more honored in the breach, than the obſervance."

Should

Forbid it heav'n! for in my mind
The man, whoſe thoughts are thus inclin'd,
Should ne'er in this fair iſland ſtay,
But march like graceleſs Paine away:
Unfit to live, (with truth I ſing!)
Beneath ſo mild, ſo good a king,
As (ev'ry loyal tongue muſt own)
Now glorious fills the Britiſh throne,
Or ſeek protection from our laws,
Which well deſerve our beſt applauſe.
Oh! happy Britons! who ne'er know
The miſeries from war that flow,
But, widely diſtant from its ſeat,
Secure an undiſturb'd retreat
Within your native, bleſt domains,
Where ſweet domeſtic comfort reigns!
Shall France indulge her ancient hate,
And undermine her rival-ſtate;
And you, brave Britons! not unite
To do your injur'd country right?
Ah! rather in one mighty band
Ariſe, and join with heart and hand,
Like your forefathers, nobly brave!
Your beſt prerogatives to ſave,
And your old ſanguinary foes,
With ſtrongeſt efforts to oppoſe.

Ver. 87.] Alludes to the French, and the horrid decree paſſed ſome time ſince by the convention, not to give the Engliſh priſoners any quarter!!!

Thus,

Thus, by one common int'reſt bound,
Your baſeſt enemies confound,
And ſhield, from fell deſtruction's jaws
Your king, your liberties and laws.
Thus, danger ſhall be diſtant hurl'd,
And thus you may defy the world!

The loyal ardor of the muſe,
This long digreſſion muſt excuſe,
For tho' with patriot zeal ſhe burns,
She, duteous, to her theme returns.

Whilſt near the church-yard wall you ſtand,
The lovely landſcape to command,
What charming beauties ſtrike your ſight,
And yield a raviſhing delight!

Behold the meadows, clad in green,
Where various lowing herds are ſeen,
Devouring, ſome, the tender blade,
And ſome, who full repaſts have made,
Reclining on the verdant ſoil
To chew the cud, whilſt others toil
In leading home, from ſtubble fields,
The produce which each fruitful yields.
View ſome employ'd in drawing lime,
The fallows to manure in time,

Ver. 95.] Altho' the digreſſion requeſted to be pardoned may be deemed by critics too long, yet as it ariſes out of the ſubject, the author hopes for indulgence on the grounds mentioned in the text. See the concluſion of the note on verſe 416.

Whilſt

Whilſt there the goading driver, now,
Makes others trail the uſeful plough;
See thoſe, whom teazing flies invade,
For ſhelter, occupy the ſhade,
And others, to avoid the heat,
Seek in the ſtream a cool retreat.

In the rich foliage of the year,
Cyſtanog woods! full cloath'd appear,
Where birds combine, with varying notes,
Proceeding from their tuneful throats,
To form far ſweeter melody,
Than human ſong, or catch, or glee,
And teach vain mortals to be gay,
And pure and innocent as they.

Beneath thoſe woods, ſee Towy's ſtreams
Reflecting back Sol's noon-tide beams,
Enriching thus the pleaſing view,
And to old beauties adding new;
And as you look, both far and near,
The river's windings ſtill appear!
Of human life, an emblem true,
As any author ever drew;
For thence may thinking mortals know
The changing ſtate of things below;

And

Ver. 136.] The man whoſe education has been liberal, can readily overcome thoſe groveling conſiderations, and ordinary motives, by which the miſtaken world are generally actuated.

When

And that each flatt'ring proſpect here,
Which ſerves the heart of man to cheer,
May vary, like the turning ſtream,
Or prove, at beſt, an idle dream!
Set your affections, then, on high,
Where your immortal part muſt fly,
For there ſhall ſtable joys abound,
And everlaſting bliſs be found!

The valley and its proſpects bright,
To obſervation next invite,
And there Cyſtanog-houſe deſcry!
The fertile lands which round it lie!
And Biſhop's-Palace! (late the ſeat
Of Horſley! eminently great!

When he reflects, that even from the inſtant he firſt entered into this tranſitory ſtate of exiſtence, he was intended for immortality, tho' formed with a body liable to decay, he will accommodate his temporal views accordingly, and not make proviſion for eternity with periſhable matters. When a man adopts this principle for the regulation of his demeanor here, the purſuits of ambition and avarice will become as inſignificant and contemptible as the amuſements of children; and the advantages of honors, pleaſures, or of wealth, will not deſerve to be conſidered as the primary objects of his enlightened mind.

Ver. 145.] This ancient manſion is ſituated in the pariſh of Llangunnor, and was formerly the property and reſidence of Thomas Vaughan, Eſq.

Ver. 149.] This palace is ſituated near Abergwilly village, and is the uſual reſidence of the biſhop of St. Davids. The preſent biſhop is brother of the Earl of Bute, and lately ſucceeded the now biſhop of Rocheſter, on his tranſlation to that ſee.

Endow'd

Endow'd with ſtrong and nervous ſenſe,
Ably applied in faith's defence,
And, in the myſtical diſpute,
Thy doctrines, Prieſtley, to confute.
Long ſhall each humble curate raiſe
His voice, with gratitude to praiſe
The feeling paſtor! kind and good,
Who his beſt benefactor ſtood,
And, high among the ſons of fame,
Shall, Horſley, place thy honor'd name.)

The tall ſurrounding trees between
Fam'd Caſtle-Piggin's ſeat is ſeen,
And Penybank hides not its head,
Though now its ancient charms are fled:
Save that its grove of beauteous oaks,
Has bow'd not to the woodman's ſtrokes,

Ver. 152.] Alludes to the letters addreſſed by the preſent biſhop of Rocheſter to Doctor Prieſtley, on the ſubject of the Holy Trinity, and the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour.

Ver. 155.] Refers to the generous concern felt by the late biſhop of St. Davids for thoſe curates in his then dioceſe, whoſe ſtipends were extremely ſmall, and which he cauſed to be augmented.

Ver. 162.] This ſeat is in the pariſh of Abergwilly, and was formerly the property and reſidence of Mrs. Gwynne, relict of Richard Gwynne Eſq. It is now in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Blome, Eſquire.

Ver. 163.] This manſion-houſe is alſo in the ſame pariſh, and was lately ſold by Lady Anne Hamilton.

But ſoon or late beneath his axe
Muſt fall, and pay life's common tax!
The church and village intervene,
And fill up this perſpective ſcene.

More diſtant, eaſtward, caſt your eyes,
Where yonder craggy cliffs ariſe,
Upon whoſe topmoſt ſummit bold,
There Druſlwyn-Caſtle you behold,
And in the intermediate ſpace,
Unnumber'd beauties you may trace;
For turn whatever way you will,
Some lovely proſpect opens ſtill!

See hills o'er hills, alternate riſe,
Whoſe ſummits ſeem to touch the ſkies:
And Pen'ralltfawr amongſt the reſt,
Uplift its cultivated creſt;
Whilſt in the charming valley nigh,
Delightful objects meet the eye.

Ver. 169.] Repreſents the pariſh church and village of Abergwilly, both near the biſhop's palace.

Ver. 174] This caſtle is in the pariſh of Llangathen, and is ſituated upon an eminence which overhangs the river Towy. It belongs to Mr. Vaughan, of Golden Grove. The caſtle is now in ruins, a few of the old walls only remaining entire.

Ver. 179.] The Brecknockſhire hills, ſeveral others at a diſtance, and ſome which ſurround Llangunnor, are ſeen from thence.

Ver. 181.] This hill is in the pariſh of Abergwilly.

There

There Allt-y-Gôg appears in ſight,
Clad, like fair truth, in pureſt white;
And in each well ſelected ſpot,
Behold ſome peaſant's peaceful cot,
To which, whene'er his labors cloſe,
At eve, with pleaſure ſweet he goes
To ſooth the partner of his care,
And with her ev'ry comfort ſhare;
Whilſt his dear offspring eager burn,
To welcome their lov'd ſire's return,
And to partake the envied bliſs,
Proceeding from his fervid kiſs;
Or, deck'd in ſmiles, they anxious flee
To mount and dandle on his knee.

Such joys, ye ſwains, are yours alone,
How rarely to your betters known!
Rich in content, though ſmall your ſtore,
Your heav'nly Father you adore;
On him a firm reliance place,
A pattern for each higher race!
On him for all your wants depend,
The rich and poor man's equal friend!
Who kindly liſtens when we call,
And bounteous bleſſings pours on all!

The corn which lately wav'd its head,
Whilſt growing in its native bed,

Ver. 185.] Allt-y-Gôg is alſo in the pariſh of Abergwilly, and belongs to George Morgan, Eſquire, late high ſheriff of Carmarthenſhire.

To man has been compell'd to bow,
Whoſe ſickle ſince has laid it low;
And, by the labor of his hands,
Behold! in num'rous ſtacks it ſtands
Arrang'd in yonder ſpacious fields,
Where ſmiling plenty, tranſport yields.

The humble gleaners too! deſcry,
Picking the ſcanty ears that lie
Diſpers'd along the furrow'd land,
But gather'd with a careful hand.
Oh! huſbandmen! when Ceres yields,
Rich, yellow harveſts in your fields,
Some bowels of compaſſion ſhew,
For thoſe poor objects, full of woe!
(Partakers of your nature ſtill,
Let pride diſtinguiſh as it will!)
Who ſcarcely have the means to live;
To them a lib'ral handful give,
And Boaz-like the boon impart,
Urg'd by the dictates of the heart!
Such charity, I muſt maintain,
Is not beſtow'd by you in vain;
For God, whom all the good adore,
Will, tenfold, multiply your ſtore!
Thus up in heav'n a treaſure lay
Againſt the awful judgment-day!

Ver. 229.] See the book of Ruth, chap. ii. ver. 14. et ſeq.

Nearer

Nearer the ſpot on which you ſtand,
Obſerve the patient angler's hand
Swing round his line, and ſkilful try
To catch, with artificial fly,
Thoſe fiſh in Towy which abound,
And where may conſtantly be found
Salmon, with ſcales of ſilver hue,
And ſuin, glitt'ring like the dew;
The eel, quite difficult to hold,
And full as ſlippery as gold;
The darting trout, with crimſon dy'd,
And various other ſorts beſide.

Behold, where yonder ſtubble lies,
To which the whurring partridge flies
At morn and eve, by dint of call,
Repeated by the covey all,
The wants of nature to ſupply,
Unconſcious that there's danger nigh.
But mark the ſportſmen with their net,
With ſilent ſteps the place beſet,
Where theſe poor birds a ſhort repaſt
Partake, now doom'd to be their laſt!
For, lo! the ſetters in the wind
The ſtrongly perfum'd breezes find,
And dropping down, as early taught,
Shew where the covey may be caught,
O'er which th' entangling net's diſpos'd,
And ev'ry ſingle bird's inclos'd.

Below the hill ſee Gwilly ſtray,
Obedience to its chief to pay,
And into Towy's channel pour
Its waters ev'ry fleeting hour;
For homage to the great is due,
And Towy, to that maxim true,
Submits in turn, and onward flows,
To ſatisfy the debt it owes,
Surrend'ring its firſt ſtock and gain,
With mild obeiſance to the main.

The church-yard quit, and to the brow
Of Park-yr-Eglwys haſten now,
And ſtopping where the quarry lies,
Beauties unſung arreſt your eyes!

Beneath the ſpot where lately ſtood,
On the declivity, an wood,
See white-waſh'd Dan-yr-Allt appear,
And Towy gently flowing near.

Ver. 265.] Gwilly is a ſmall river which riſes in Carmarthenſhire, and diſcharges itſelf into the Towy, near the foot of Llangunnor hill.

Ver. 275.] Means Llangunnor church-yard, from whence, north of the church, the view already delineated may be taken.

Ver. 276.] Park-yr-Eglwys, ſignifies in Engliſh, the Churchfield: it is alſo called Llanvawr.

Ver. 277.] The quarry is immediately under that corner of Park yr Eglwys, which adjoins the declivity mentioned in ver. 280.

Ver. 281.] Dan-yr-Allt, which in Engliſh ſignifies, under the wood, is in the pariſh of Llangunnor, and is the property of John Lloyd Eſq. of Plymouth.

Beyond it, through the fir-tree grove,
Where taſte and ſkill have nobly ſtrove
To add to nature, beauties ſtill,
See, from the leat of yonder mill,
The frothy water, wild and ſtrong,
With rage impetuous daſh along,
And o'er its ſtone-pav'd channel glide,
(Reſiſtleſs as the flowing tide)
Forming as lovely a caſcade
As human efforts ever made.

Above, and not far diſtant, view
That Villa, beautiful and new,

Ver. 283.] The grove adjoins the leat conducting the water employed in turning various wheels, belonging to works, mentioned in a ſubſequent note. From this leat all the waſte water empties itſelf along a channel formed thro' a ſhelving bank. The bottom of the channel is paved with large ſtones, placed in ſuch order as not only to afford a very powerful reſiſtance to the ſtream, but alſo to improve the effect of its fall. The late proprietor of the works, (whoſe taſte contributed to ornament his landed property in and about Carmarthen) very judiciously left a breach in the wall adjoining the turnpike road at the entrance into the town, oppoſite the caſcade, which breach is filled up with an iron railing, and thro' this the fall of the water is ſeen, and has a ſtriking effect; but not ſo gratifying as the more diſtant view it exhibits to a ſpectator ſtationed on Llangunnor hill.

Ver. 294.] This modern and elegant Villa was lately erected by John Morgan Eſquire, of Carmarthen, the preſent proprietor of the works, for the reſidence of his principal agent, Mr. Philip Vaughan.

With

With ſhrubberies about it plac'd,
And trees diſpos'd with niceſt taſte.

Behind it, on the upland ground,
There Penlan manſion-houſe is found,
If with a nice diſcerning eye,
The half-hid object you'd deſcry.
How green the fir-trees ſtanding near,
In various groups and clumps appear!

Now let the eye (deſcending deep,
Near where the river takes a ſweep)
Survey the furnaces, which ſtand
With other works, by artiſts plann'd;
There conſtant induſtry prevails,
Sure ſource of wealth, which never fails!

Behold the beautiful parade,
By art and nature jointly made,

Ver. 298.] This houſe belongs to Mr. Morgan.

Ver. 305.] The furnaces and other works here alluded to, belong to Mr. Morgan, and are uſed for ſmelting and running iron ore into bars, and for manufacturing tin plates. Near theſe works John Campbell, Eſq. of Stack-Pool, in Pembrokeſhire, (member for Cardigan borough) lately built a furnace for ſmelting lead ore, raiſed from his eſtate near Llandovery.

Ver. 309.] The parade is a walk made by ſubſcription under the direction of John Williams Eſq. of Wenallt, (late high ſheriff of Carmarthenſhire) when mayor of Carmarthen.

Where lovely women charm the eye,
And unſucceſsful lovers ſigh.
Well has a pleaſing poet ſaid,
Who long from this vain world has fled,
"No females can with ours compare,
" So chaſte, ſo innocent and fair.
" The trav'llers oft, who tranſient view
" Their matchleſs forms, have cauſe to rue
" The magic of their piercing eyes,
" From which love's pointed arrow flies,
" And, fix'd directly in the heart,
" Occaſions all a lover's ſmart:
" Thus ſtrangers are compell'd to own
" They ſigh for nymphs to them unknown."

From Park-yr-Eglwys' brow deſcend,
And down the ſlope your footſteps bend,
Till Erw Frân you ſlowly gain,
Where hillocks deck the ſhelving plain.

Thence Llwyn-y-Gwragedd Hill appears,
Where oft his hounds the huntſman cheers,
When early in the bluſhing morn,
He ſweetly winds his bugle horn,

Ver. 313.] The poet here alluded to, was Mr. Phillips, author of a poem called Cyder, written in blank verſe.

Ver. 327.] Erw Frân, in Engliſh, Crow's Acre, is the next field but one below Park-yr-Eglwys.

Ver. 329.] Llwyn-y-Gwragedd Hill is in the pariſh of Llangunnor.

And caſts his dogs round yonder brakes,
To which the hare for ſhelter makes,
Whene'er ſtern winter's ſhiv'ring ſtorm
Requires a refuge ſnug and warm.
Yet what avails this cloſe retreat?
For then the hounds approach her ſeat,
Directed by the well-known trail,
And with loud notes her ears aſſail.
(Muſic to ſportſmen ever dear,
Who love ſuch harmony to hear,
But to the fearful, panting hare,
Productive only of deſpair!)
Yet though by foes encompaſs'd round,
She cautious quits the dang'rous ground,
And flies o'er diſtant hills and fields,
Till, wholly ſpent, her life ſhe yields
With piteous ſqueakings, which impart
No pleaſure to the tender heart:
But ſportſmen's hearts reſemble ſteel,
And rarely ſoft compaſſion feel
For the four-footed timid race,
The harmleſs objects of the chace:
Thus the poor hare unpitied dies,
And uſeleſs are her piercing cries!

Near the preceding hill deſcry
The works which at its bottom lie, Where

Ver. 358.] The works here ſpoken of are lead mines. Meſſrs. Marſden's and company, of Carmarthen, and another company, are now driving different levels, intended to drain off the water, and to

Where bold advent'rers, under ground,
Expect great riches may be found,
And certainties well-pleas'd reſign,
To ſearch for veins of deep-laid mine;
Upheld by hope's inviting ſmile,
Too apt our proſpects to beguile!
But ſmall ſucceſſes have their uſe,
And to good fortune oft conduce.

Still to the view freſh objects riſe,
To gratify the wand'ring eyes;
And, lo! Maeſlan, (beſide the wood)
Where, erſt, an humble cottage ſtood,
Preſents its front; and, in the rear,
See, o'er the grove, Tyllwyd appear.

Now to the ſouth inclining more,
Unnotic'd proſpects you explore;
But, firſt, White-Houſe, where, long ſince, dwelt
A bard, whoſe boſom often felt,

to approach the main body of the ore; the quality of which is extremely fine, well adapted for the uſe of potters, but contains little ſilver.

Ver. 369.] Maeſlan, in the pariſh of Llangunnor, is the property of Mr. William Bonville, of Carmarthen.

Ver. 372.] White-Houſe, in that pariſh, was formerly the reſidence of Sir Richard Steel, having belonged to his lady. It was afterwards purchaſed by Mr. Lloyd, of Plymouth, from Sir Richard's daughter, the late Lady Trevor.

And made the breaſts of others feel
Poetic fires; Sir Richard Steel!
And there the ancient orchard view,
Where he his "Conſcious Lovers" drew.
Hard fate! that he, (who virtue taught,
And vice to check, inceſſant ſought;
Who, as a Chriſtian Hero bold,
Man's ev'ry duty did unfold;
And, by his own example, prov'd
In life he by his precepts mov'd;
Whoſe writings ne'er ſhall know decay,
Till time itſelf ſhall fade away;)
Should ſilent moulder into duſt,
Without a monument or buſt,

Ver. 379.] Tradition (in general a faithful recorder of facts) ſays, that Sir Richard Steel actually wrote, or completed, his comedy of the Conſcious Lovers in an arbor, in the orchard adjoining White-Houſe; and to enable him ſo to do, and to ſuperintend the management of the Llangunnor and other eſtates to which (upon the death of his lady in December 1718) his daughter became entitled, it is extremely probable that he came to White-Houſe on his return from Scotland, where he went as a commiſſioner of the forfeited eſtates in September 1720. He did not arrive in London after that journey, 'till March 1721, or thereabouts, and this is confirmed by a note in the firſt volume of his Epiſtolary Correſpondence, page 139, by which it appears, the Conſcious Lovers remained unfiniſhed 'till 1721. The editor of that work has not been able preciſely to aſcertain where or when this comedy was completed, which greatly ſupports the traditional account. Sir Richard actually reſided at White-Houſe, and removed from thence to Carmarthen where he died, and was buried in that Church.

Ver. 383.] Sir Richard wrote a tract called the "Chriſtian Hero."

Ver. 390.] No monument was ever erected to the memory of Sir Richard in Carmarthen church.

To guide the living's curious eye,
And point out where his aſhes lie!

Sweetly attractive! mark the ſpot,
Where, further diſtant, ſtands a cot,
For ſimple neatneſs juſtly fam'd,
And with due taſte, Mount-Pleaſant nam'd.

Next, in the weſt, (near yonder trees,
Which wav'd are gently by the breeze)
Behold, between the earth and ſky,
Carmarthen church-tow'r, mounted high.
Hark! hear you not that ſolemn bell?
Some rich or poor man's parting knell!
If heard aright, its ſound muſt bear
Important tidings to your ear,
And to your heart a warning give,
That here you can't for ever live,
But muſt expect to yield your breath,
When ſummon'd by reſiſtleſs death.
Oh! awful change! may we with care,
For the laſt ſolemn hour prepare,
When life our earthly frames ſhall leave,
And to our God our ſouls would cleave,
Mounting aloft, with active wing,
To heaven, to praiſe its mighty King.

Ver. 396.] Mount-Pleaſant, in the Pariſh of Llangunnor, is the property of the Rev. Mr. Evan Holliday, of Carmarthen.

To earth returning (her laſt flight
My muſe aſſum'd in Johnſon's ſpite)
There with delightful pleaſure view
Carmarthen town, both Old and New,
The place where Merlin claim'd his birth,
That mighty prophet when on earth,
Who

Ver. 416.] Doctor Johnſon, in his Criticiſm on Denham's Cooper's Hill, ſeems to condemn the too frequent introduction of moral or ſerious reflections in that poem; but with due deference to an authority ſo great, it is ſubmitted that when ſuch reflections, whether moral or otherwiſe, ariſe naturally out of the ſubject-matter of the work, they are not unaptly introduced; but ſerve to remind us of the inſtability of all human enjoyments, and that we ought not ſo to live here, as to forget that we are to live hereafter. Mr. Warton (author of an Eſſay on the genius and writings of Pope) in his examination of Windſor Foreſt, obſerves, that "it "is one of the greateſt and moſt pleaſing arts of deſcriptive "poetry, to introduce moral ſentences and inſtructions in an "oblique and indirect manner, in places where one naturally "expects only painting and amuſement; and that it is this par-"ticular art which is the diſtinguiſhing excellence of Cooper's-"Hill; throughout which, the deſcription of places, and images, "raiſed by the poet, are ſtill tending to ſome hint, or leading "into ſome reflection upon moral life or political inſtitution." A line of Mr. Pope's, of the interrogative kind, may, perhaps, not inapplicably be added here, ſubſtituting one word only inſtead of another.

"Who ſhall decide when CRITICS diſagree?"

Ver. 418.] Old and New Carmarthen were incorporated together by a charter, granted by his preſent majeſty, in the 4th year of his reign.

Ver. 419. et ſeq.] The birth of Merlin, at Carmarthen, and the reputation of his having been a prophet, are ſpoken of by different

Who in Allt-Fyrddin form'd a cave,
Which ſerv'd him for his houſe and grave:
His wants were truly few indeed,
But few are thoſe which mortals need!

Lo! where yon caſtle boldly ſtands,
And tow'rs above the neighb'ring lands,
Around its turrets and old walls,
See how the twining ivy crawls,

different ancient authors. Vide Camden's Britt. by Dr. Gibſon, vol. 2. p. 774. et ſeq. There is a prophecy concerning Carmarthen, ſaid to be uttered by Merlin (who was alſo called Myrddin, and from whom the town is ſuppoſed to have taken its name) in the Welſh tongue. This prophecy is repeated from memory by many of the Welſh inhabitants of the place, and being curious and ſhort, it merits inſertion here.

Original.

" Caerfyrddin, cei oer foreu,
" Daear a'th lwngc, daw dw'r yn dy le."

Tranſlation.

" Some dreadful morn, Carmarthen ſhall deface,
" O'erwhelm'd in earth, floods ſhall ſupply its place."

Ver. 421.] Allt-Fyrddin, in Engliſh Merlin's-Wood, is ſituated on the ſide of a lofty hill, in the pariſh of Abergwilly. Merlin's cave, in that hill, is, to this day, ſhewn to the curious.

Ver. 425.] Alludes to Carmarthen caſtle, which has long been the county gaol. It was twice viſited (laſt, in May, 1788) by that humane and amiable man, the late Mr. Howard, in conſequence of whoſe reports, the gentlemen of the county (actuated by feelings congenial with his own) did, by authority of parliament, raiſe money to defray the expence of making ſuch additions and improvements as had been ſuggeſted by Mr. Howard, which were begun in 1789, and finiſhed in 1792, under the direction of Mr. Naſh, an eminent architect, in Carmarthen.

Supporting by its friendly aid,
What mould'ring time has much decay'd:
His ſcythe permits not aught to ſtand,
Deſign'd to feel his iron hand!

Below the town direct your eye,
And there Carmarthen bridge deſcry,
Which ſerves to join each ſever'd ſhore,
And waft the paſſing trav'ller o'er
The river, which thoſe ſhores divides.
A barge now through the main arch glides!

Behold thoſe ſhips! moor'd near the quay,
Whoſe ſtreamers in the north-wind play;
And with the influx of the tide,
See veſſels on its boſom ride;
And likewiſe thoſe prepar'd to go
To ſea, when back the waters flow.
Thus did the great Creator's pow'r,
(Whoſe glory ſhould be ſung each hour!)
When firſt this lower world he plann'd,
The work of his almighty hand,
Ordain, that twice in ev'ry day,
The tide ſhould his commands obey,
That men of commerce ne'er might fail
To waft abroad the ſwelling ſail.

Ver. 434.] This bridge is of ſtone, very ancient and ſtrong, and conſiſts of ſeven arches. It has a pleaſing appearance when viewed from Park-yr-Eglwys.

Ver. 439.] Alludes to Carmarthen quay.

Upon

Upon the glitt'ring ſtream behold
Thoſe fiſhermen, of courage bold,
In num'rous pairs, purſue their trade
In coracles, themſelves have made;
Form'd of ſlight twigs, with flannel cas'd,
O'er which three coats of tar are plac'd:
Thoſe veſſels, when made water-tight,
They uſe for fiſhing day and night,
And with a paddle, to and fro,
Againſt or with the ſtream they go,
Leading a net, held by one hand,
Whilſt t'other does each bark command.
Thus ample draughts of fiſh they take,
And thus an honeſt livelihood make;
And (as a porter bears his pack)
Each mounts his veſſel on his back,
When firſt his uſual work's begun,
And when his fiſhing toil is done.

See, in the weſt Job's-Well appears!
Whoſe recent owner, young in years,

Ver. 468.] It may appear extraordinary to thoſe who have never ſeen any coracles, that fiſhermen ſhould carry them on their backs; but ſurpriſe will ceaſe, when it is aſſerted as a fact, that the largeſt of theſe vehicles does not, in weight, exceed forty pounds, or thereabouts.

Ver. 471.] Job's-Well is in the borough of Carmarthen. Its late proprietor, Thomas Jones, Eſq. died at the early age of eighteen. He was a young gentleman of very promiſing abilities, and intended, had he lived, to have been called to the bar.

By cruel death's unerring dart,
Was doom'd with life and friends to part,
Ere tears had wholly ceas'd to flow
For his lov'd father, levell'd low.
Great, matchleſs man! my muſe would raiſe
A laſting tribute to his praiſe,
Had ſhe, proportion'd to her will,
An ample ſhare of genuine ſkill,
His worth and virtues to rehearſe,
In grateful, though in humble, verſe.
He, ſtrong and poliſh'd ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
A heart, with mild compaſſion bleſt;
Pure attic wit, which, as it flew,
The loudeſt peals of laughter drew;
A lib'ral and expanded mind,
To ſocial happineſs inclin'd;
For in his hoſpitable dome,
Ev'n ſtrangers felt themſelves at home!
Of honor pure, of judgment clear,
A tender parent, friend ſincere;
For ſtrict integrity admir'd,
And with the love of juſtice fir'd;
Deeply acquainted with our laws,
In which he practis'd with applauſe;
And (to compleat ſo fair a plan)
He liv'd and died an honeſt man.

Ver. 476.] Alludes to the late Thomas Jones, of Carmarthen, Eſq. the preceding owner of Job's-Well. He was univerſally beloved whilſt living; and, dead, will long exiſt in the recollection of his ſurviving friends.

The

The choſen ſubject to purſue,
Behold Treberſed full in view.
Below the ſummit of the hill;
And nearer, by Pontcarreg mill,
See yonder lovely cottage plac'd,
Whoſe wings diſplay improving taſte!

A thouſand other pleaſing views
Might claim attention from my muſe,
But theſe ſhe wiſhes to reſign,
To celebrate a ſpot divine;
For one remains which baffles more
Deſcription, than thoſe mark'd before;
Which now, in all its ſplendor bright,
Each raviſh'd eye fills with delight!
See, near the river's charming banks,
Thoſe fir-trees, planted out in ranks,
Where yon high double-manſion ſtands,
Surrounded by delightful lands,
And Allt-y-Knap a back-ground forms,
To ſhield it from tempeſtuous ſtorms.
Oh, ſweet Rhydgorſe! enchanting ſeat!
Oft times a ſkilful bard's retreat,

Ver. 500.] Treberſed is alſo in the borough of Carmarthen. It was formerly the property of the Rev. Mr. David Scurlock, late of Blaencorſe, in Carmarthenſhire, and now belongs to Mr. James Hughes.

Ver. 503.] Alludes to a neat cottage, lately erected by David John Edwardes, Eſq. of Carmarthen.

Ver. 571.] Allt-y-Knap is a hill in the above borough.

Ver. 519.] Rhydgorſe is the property of Mr. David John

When (from contemplating the law,
Which keeps the good and bad in awe;
From courts, where righteous men preſide,
Who follow juſtice as their guide)
He, in each long receſs retires,
To write whate'er his muſe inſpires:
Thus various ſtudies are combin'd,
And occupy his active mind.

Here ends my taſk! for, lo! the ſun
His daily courſe has nearly run,
And my exhauſted muſe would fain
Retire, freſh vigour to obtain;
Content, that ſhe firſt bent her will,
In verſe to paint her favourite hill,
And its beſt proſpects to explore,
Which pleaſe, when oft'neſt ſeen, the more.
On theſe ſweet ſcenes might genius gaze,
And mark the landſcape with amaze,
'Till, loſt in rapturous delight,
His pow'rs deſcriptive take their flight,
And from his hand, enfeebled then,
Down drops the pencil, or the pen.

Edwardes, and has been in the family for many centuries back, as appears by ancient documents in his poſſeſſion. It was built on the ſcite of an old caſtle, called by the ſame name: noticed in Powell, Wynne, and Warrington's Hiſtories of Wales.

Ver. 520.] Alludes to a ſtudent in one of the inns of court, the author of a poetical epiſtle, addreſſed to James Boſwell, Eſq. in 4to. and publiſhed in 1790.

FINIS.